

Covies are gonna burn

by N7farm

Category: Aliens/Predator, Halo

Genre: Adventure, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-02-12 20:52:33

Updated: 2014-09-16 23:42:59

Packaged: 2016-04-27 04:47:45

Rating: M

Chapters: 5

Words: 4,690

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Major Kyle Lindsey, bonafide badass and proud of it, goes on a routine mission that turned FUBAR. Now his squad and friends are dead and he with the help of a Spartan team, and a secret that he and his team discovered, will cause the death of many Covies including the one that killed his best friend, Jul 'mdama

1. Revenge is a dish best served crispy

He stands before the bodies of his closest friends. Well, their corpses. "Why, why wasn't it me? Damn it! Damn it all, Damn the Covenant, Damn the UNSC, especially damn the 'supposed' Spartan team that was supposed to cover our Evac so... Where are they?" Just as he says that 5 objects fell in front of him.

when the smoke cleared he saw 5 heavily armed Spartans in craters one of them-female it looked- looked at him and spoke, "You Major Lindsey?" She asked "yeah, you must be spartan team castle, your a bit late" another spartan-male- yeah, yeah complain to command later, now, wheres your squad?" I gestured to the human bodies around us, "laying on the ground, in eternal sleep" the spartan that asked spoke again arrogantly, "well, wake them up, what kind of unit are you running her-"

"Alex! He's saying they're dead I'm so sorry about him and your squad" the female spartan that spoke 1st said, "don't be your not the one that has to tell there families, even when you haven't known them your whole life" he said sadly 'these Spartans have not known what it feels like to lose your best friends to aliens' he thought to himself.

"Shit, sorry we were late" a third spartan -female- said "no worries, mam I have the memories these covi's will die slowly i'll make sure of it myself" I said "negative, orders say you have to leave you can stay to collect tags, but other than that, your not staying" the leader said

"you can't make me leave, I'm not going until the covies pay" I told him. The last spartan, walked over to me "sir, I understand what your going through but-" he said, "NO, you don't you haven't known these guys for years, you haven't been there as children, and you certainly weren't there when my best friends son was born, so I'm going to stay here and go genocidal on the split lips and there friends, and when I find the split lip that stabbed Matthew in the back I will slaughter him" I told him "you saw him"

"yeah, looked like an elite from the time the Dawn disappeared had a few bullet holes and scars looked like he was in charge" I explained "it could be the primary target" the Spartan Alex said "what target?" I asked "we might catch up with him if we hurry" they ignored the Major "who's the target?" I asked a bit louder "the only question is where-" "HEY, WHO THE FUCK IS THE TARGET" I interrupted "I'm sorry but I haven't got the patience to be kept in the dark" they all looked at me and then each other, then the one that expressed her sorrow to my friends came forward "Jul 'Mdama, the leader of Storm Covenant" she said "listen I don't care if he's the arbiter I'm going to kill him...no I'm going to butcher him and decapitate him tear his body open and shove his head in his gut and stab him with a spear or something close to it into his ass through his head and DISPLAY IT SO ALL THE STORM COVIES CAN SEE, YOU UNDERSTAND ME!"

nods all around, looked like some were going to vomit, 'heh, guess they don't teach Spartans how to not be disgusted like they used to' "you know that once you choose this path, there's no turning back" the spartan leader said

"yes, I will make him burn"

all of a sudden, I sensed movement on my right flank I turned my head slightly and saw a shimmer by his second in command Captain Fowler, I acted on instinct.

I pulled my knife out of its home and threw it at the shimmer, it was rewarded with a elite yelling in pain and revealing itself, the spartans tried to move in on it, but I was faster than them and sprinted to it then everything moved slower, the elite brought up it's sword I gave a hard kick to the sword-hand and it was sent flying I moved for it but the elite was a bit faster, he kicked me which sent me flying I landed next to Sgt. O'Neil's flamethrower, i looked at the Spartans who were under attack, 'ambush, great, won't expect them for help' I glanced at the elite who was observing it's sword, "I'm impressed with you valiance, human" the elite said "well I get it from my dad, he was a large man who feared little." I told him smugly "ah, you humans are very arrogant, I wonder why your race is standing?" He says to me "you know we have a saying: arrogance is bliss, and we are still around because we fight for all humans, even if they might not want help but without soldiers. Nobody would be safe in case of like now with you Covies attacked them."

"I see your mind is a interesting one to say the least it's a shame a mind such as yours is destroyed, but I suppose I shouldn't worry about it, any last words?" he said "yes, I think your gonna need some ointment" he looked at me confused "why?" smiling I said "because you just got burned" as I said that, I lifted the heavy flamethrower that my high school friend always calls "fire monkey disco panda" aka FMDP and fired it at the startled elite.

it screamed for good long while, when the flames died he was still alive, burnt but alive, "well, guess the shoe is on the other foot" I said to it

"ugh, guess...so...what now?" Flinching with each breath "well, I kill you and your leader Jul 'Mdama, except your death won't be as painful as yours" as I told him this I pulled my knife out, got a groan of agony out of it "well, yours is pretty painful but he will be mutilated, before I kill you what is your name?" I asked him "Vesh Nr'mek" he told me "well, Vesh Nr'mek, may your gods have mercy on you, may your thoughts and opinions of humans be positive, and may you find peace with your dying light" I rose my knife "May you rest in peace" I stabbed him in the head then I still saw the Spartans, hunters, grunts, and elites were closing in on them.

"Ugh, never a dull moment, huh, god?" I said looking up in the sky. I looked at the weapons of fallen comrades: Captain Fowler's DMR, Lieutenant Liuzza's shotgun, Staff Sargent Reichel's sniper rifle, Sgt. O'Neil's flamethrower and assault rifle, and Corporal Shaw's Rocket launcher. I smile at the memories from when I started off to when I was made Major when Liuzza pantsed Lieutenant Burton right before the fall of Reach, then he was brought back from the past with a yell.

"Major, get your ass out of the open!" I shook my head and then grabbed the weapons on the ground and said "I have an idea"

2. An idea

"Major, what are you doing" 'Alex' asked "my buddy, Lt. Liuzza was a smart man, his shotgun had a ID scanner. Any one holding it that wasn't UNSC personnel, it wouldn't work but he had me mod it so if it is no UNSC personnel it would give them a surprise." I told them, "don't they have weapons of their own?" One of the female Spartans asked,

"yeah, but my second best friend, Captain Fowler has a EMP launcher on his rifle that affects all non-UNSC weaponry. Making any Covie or Promethean weapons useless- because of how they use energy based weapons- then I'll throw the shotgun" I told them holding up FMDP to the large spartan, the rocket launcher to Alex, and the other weapons out except my rifle, my secret weapon from a earlier mission that went FUBAR, Liuzza's shotgun, and Fowlers EMP launching DMR.

I aimed that right above the covie bastards, then I waited for the Covies to reload, and finally I did the one thing they- the soon to be dead covenant forces and the Spartan teams- didn't expect, I spoke.

* * *

><p>Unknown Elite POV<p>

The demons are still fighting, but they are in...what do humans call it, a kill box if they move in any direction they shall face death by plasma. It will be an achievement to kill one of these demons, after this battle, some of the minors heard rumors that the next mission would be to glass the heretics home world Earth and i tend to agree as I put another set of needles into my rifle I hear a high pitched

sound, I turned and saw a lone human of large build, medium height, Caucasian male.

After 30 seconds of silence he spoke in Sangheili, "You believe your cause is just, you think to yourselves we are weak, worthless, dishonorable, deceiving, inferior, and unintelligent; but I speak before you not as an inferior being, not an unintelligent creature, not even as dishonorable heretic, but as a man, like many of you" He stopped for a moment, then again with the fierceness of a Demon spoke "I am Major Kyle Martin Lindsey, destroyer of your fellow worshipers, purifier of the unworthy, and the father of demons, and I will strike vengeance into your pitiful lives. I am the Reaper and I will have. MY. REVENGE"

he fired his rifle that shot a weird looking ball into the air: a grenade. Some of the Kig Yars and grunts ran to cover when it exploded in bright light. When my vision was reclaimed there were no casualties. All of us aimed at him and... Nothing no plasma, no needles, no nothing, not even energy swords were working. The human smiled and spoke once more, "your weapons have failed you, your destruction is inevitable."

* * *

><p>Back with the Major's P.O.V.<p>

"-your destruction is inevitable" I told the sorry bastards, then leapt into action by reaching for the 2 of the 6 weapons from operation: Bad Blood, a drumstick size spear that grew 5 feet and sliced a brute in two and 2 wrist bracers with serrated blades protruding from the front of it that gutted two elites, then I decapitated several grunts, a few Kig Yars and the only two hunters in the group. 'What a sorry excuse, of an ambush' the few remaining Covies: 7 elites-4 Spec Ops and 3 Zealots, 5 brutes-2 minors, 2 majors and a chieftain, 3 Kig Yars, and a grunt... Worst...ambushers...ever...of all time. I sliced the last grunt in half, stabbed the minors, and waited for the showdown of unfavorable odds (for the Covies) to begin.

Seconds became minutes, minutes became hours, then I caught movement on my left flank and it was one of the Spec Ops.

* * *

><p>Same Elite's P.O.V.<p>

(if I were you I'd play reptile's theme by Skrillex to this)

...24 soldiers cut down to 13 by a single heretic, and we are fueled by anger to destroy this heretic. We decided to size one another up the brutes were snarling, the Kig Yars were preparing for the fight, and we Elites were in our fighting stances. Then one of the Spec Ops soldiers rushed him only to be decapitated, the human moved with the speed of a demon, and rushed the brutes slashed the chieftain, stabbed the first major and kicked the corpse to the second one and gave a roundhouse kick to the same chieftain as he ran to struck him down, as that happened the major got up to slash him with his blade but missed two times before the third time happened the human grabbed the knife and stabbed him in the face and used him as a wrecking ball on the chieftain and sliced the approaching Kig Yars to

ribbons.

Then came the rest of us as we were led to be...slaughtered many of us were cut down until I got the blade slice him in his face when it happened there were 3 of us left when he stopped. We prepared for his next move but stopped when he turned and glared at us the slash on his face started to heal itself, "by the gods, what is he?" The last Spec Ops soldier said. The human started to walk towards us slowly and went faster and faster until he struck the Spec Ops in the face kicked away the other zealot and put away his blades to punch me many time rapidly, then went to work on the other zealot until he snapped his neck. Then he punched, kicked, everything to take me down and sadly it was working, he stopped for while until he punched me in the gut, kicked my leg forward, stood on it and kneed me in the face, did a flip off me and put his hands on my head and my vision dissipated into darkness.

(end music)

3. The search for the Didact's hand, part 1

English is regular

Sangheili is italic

* * *

><p>Major Lindsey's P.O.V.<p>

As I pulled my hands from the zealot, I realized that it's not over, but as I turned toward the Brute Chieftain I was stopped by the Spartan team, "how did you survive? More importantly how did you move that fast? Did you take ODST training? How do you know Sangheili? How did your face heal so fast?" They asked all those questions and I tried to answer them as fast as possible, "I'm just that good, it was either move fast or pay dearly for it, yes and Spartan training-long story, listening to several hundred Sangheili transmissions, and that's classified." Right as I said that the Chieftain got up just in time to catch my boot to his face(not hard enough to kill but hurt) and as I caught up to him as he was clutching his face, he tried to sweep my leg but jumped on his leg with my full weight, I smiled when I heard a crunch and a scream from the brute I used my 'persuasive' techniques to gain some information, "_greetings, Gorilla man; I'm going ask a question and expect an answer- one question, one answer-alright?_" He nodded making sure not to scream, "_good, now where is your leader heading in such a hurry?_" I asked, he replied immediately, "_Leader, what leader? You must be mis-_" "EHHHHH! _wrong answer, ass face_" I said before I stepped on the broken bone causing a scream, "_if I remember correctly there is still a few more bones I can crumble to dust, now answer or I'll tear your bones apart starting with the one between your legs_" as I said that he gulped and covered the exact bone I was talking about, then spoke, "_alright, alright I'll talk, he's heading for his ship __**The Condescending Light**__, I'll give you the coordinates demon, just don't harm me_" He said with fear, "_good boy, now go!_" I yelled, he stared at me, "_you...you're not going to kill me?_" He asked before I turned with my back to him, "_no, now go and warn them, for your leader has awoken the sleeping devil, and will soon perish, with extreme brutality, if your leader had any sense he'd give the ship to

his XO to leave him there._" And with that he crawled to his chopper and rode off to the south. The Spartans walked over to me and Alex spoke, "why did you let him go?" I answered nonchalantly, "so he can lead us to the ship," as I said that I pulled out the beacon locator he asked, "what ship?, it beeped acknowledging to me that it was working, "the ship that belongs to the Didact's hand that fucktard didn't see I put a tracking device on him and that device is heading south.

4. Hunt for the Didact's hand part 2

****Yo to all that bring happiness to others, I'm sorry I've been gone for a long time, but I'm back and so is another chapter of covies gonna burn, thanks for patience and enjoy. XD****

****English= regular****

****sangheili= italic ****

Major's pov

The group kept walking south, following the blip coming from the tracker on the brute. Some of the Spartans were asking questions about him, "What the hell is he? Nothing human can do what this man did. Are we even sure he's human?" At that question he stopped, pulled out a knife, and made a small cut on his wrist, then he showed it to them, "SEE THIS? THIS BLOOD IS RED. So quit with the questions of who or what I am" Alex came forward, "really? Then what was that shit when you got cut by a elite and it healed right up, while in the battle?" The leader came forward and pushed him back, "Al, lock it down, what he means is we want to know how this all happened with you having fast regenerative abilities?" I looked at him, "sorry, spartan it's way above you on the need to know list, so you nor your team can know, nothing personal" Alex spoke before anyone could stop him, "how come a Spartan can't know the knowledge that a jarhead knows?" I turned my gaze to him, "because, those spooks told me and my team to say nothing to nobody below the rank of fleet Admiral, other than me, my team, and those were there can know the info, not even a Spartan." He rebuked with, "even the Cheif?" And I turned the stare into a glare, "Especially, John-117; now if were done playing 20 questions I think we should keep moving" when nobody answered-because they were too busy dealing with Alex who was trying to get another word in- I turned back to keep us moving, when the leader moved beside me, "so, when did you get those weapons? They look ancient yet futuristic" gesturing the wrist blades, and spear, "also, classified" I said keeping my eyes in front of me, "is there anything not classified that you know?" I stopped to put thought in it, "why, of course, your subordinate Alex, is a real douche and getting on my nerves" he shook his head probably in roll your eyes manner, "Alex, is a little arrogant" I snorted, "that's your definition of a little?"

Before he could answer a plasma nade landed between us, and I pushed him back, "GRENADE! GET BACK!" They ducked and-

BOOM

****Hey that's the second part of hunt for the Didact's hand, again thanks for your cooperation hope you enjoy and have a nice day, BANG! BANG!****

5. Lost but not Forgotten

****Hey, guys I just want to say thank you to all that served in our military, in our law enforcement, and in our rescue services. Now here's the next chapter of covies gonna burn.****

* * *

><p>English normal

****sangheili italics****

'am I dead? how? It happened so fast. Damn it, I cant believe that I lived for so long, I was gonna avenge my friends, just so I can get killed by those split lips. I guess I can reflect on my life before the UNSC made me and my friends into walking lab experiments, I was born in Louisville, KY on Mar. 4, 2027 (i'll get into that later), I attended st. Nicholas academy, for middle school, DeSales High school, and joined the military like my dad, Col. Kyle Lindsey Sr. Who after World War 3 became a mixed martial arts teacher, to the dismay of my mother, Amanda Williams-Lindsey, who wanted me to be a computer technician. It was my decision to be a soldier, but she supported it in the end. In basic I made a name for myself when I defeated the best hand-to-hand combat expert, in a sparring, and he was surprisingly ok with losing, and broke (well, destroyed) the record on the training course called 'the spirit breaker', ok first of all, wasn't that difficult, second of all, the guy with the record said I cheated, talk about a cry baby, and when they questioned me, they didn't ask if I cheated or anything like that. The guy asked me, right in front of the guy who accused me, "Is Col. Kyle Lindsey, your father?" I told him respectfully, "yes, sir" and he nodded turned toward the accuser and said to him, "he didn't cheat" and walked off, the guy got angry at that and was about to hit me when his friends held him back warning him, "to not get your self in bad with, the wolf's son" didn't know what that meant, I mean he had no civvies killed, and killed the bad guys in five minutes, forty two seconds; while I got all perfect with three minutes, fifteen seconds, I mean, I was slower than usual. Anyway I got noticed by the drill sergeants quickly, me and a few other kids, who got close to being threat, and all of them became my friends, crazy thing their fathers were friends of my father, even crazier their fathers were my father's subordinates/squad mates. Graduation came and me and my band of misfits were already famous, and we were surprised by the announcement that Kilo squad-us- were going to be Rangers, the best fighting force in special operations. At that we received a round of applause, congratulatory praise from recruits, and drill instructors alike. When I saw my mom and dad, happy that I got the Ranger posting. My dad then saluted me, and I saluted back before hugging him. Flash-forward, a few missions, kilo squad became famous for its mission success streak, the mission that made us... Well, in a word, immortal. The suicide mission, that took many lives, among them were marines, spec-ops, and even Rangers. The mission was simple go behind enemy lines and assassinate the current North Korean leader, Kim Jong Ul. The North Koreans were more homicidal, they attacked most of Asia with nukes, EMP, and any other weapon to weaken/scare the nations. Problem is, the informant has no good intel, just crackpot theories. Good enough for us. The night we put our plan to action, the mission went great, except the informant betrayed us, he was giving the

Koreans intel on us. Turns out we were better than the Koreans there. We went in guns blazing, unlike the plan we told the informant. So when the truck that was supposed to carry us arrived, and got torn apart by the Koreans, we blew the charges that were on it right as the truck got to the front door. Giving us the surprise needed to take the shot. "Bullseye" our sniper said, the plan that got us the kill was while the guards searched the destroyed vehicle for us, we were camped out around the fortress, we caught a ride to our positions and got an extra, Sergeant Nikolai Vurhuskey who took the shot on him, we left when mission was accomplished, we took Nikolai with us, because it wasn't safe for him. When we got to headquarters they took Nikolai to his home country, and we were sent to the research wing- since we were ordered to, we couldn't say no- the science geeks, gave us a greenish liquid and told us to drink it. We were very confused, and nervous- there were spooks as far as the eye can see, even if nobody could see them- but we were not dissuaded we kept our course to the labs and drank a unknown liquid.'

'Long story short it made us stronger, faster, more accurate, smarter and faster at healing and to are amazement- which eventually turned to anger the lead scientist said that in theory we could never grow old and die(hoped that answered date of birth)- turns out it was a extraterrestrials' blood- a few times of vomiting later- we decided to use it to our advantage by being Eagle Team, super soldiers used for a variety of suicide missions. We fought many foes including, the same species in which the blood for the powers came from. Yautjas. Deadliest alien species known currently to the galaxy. A hunting race separated in clans and classifications, one being regular yautja and the other being Black Yautja, who are stronger, faster, and deadlier, but where they are great in power and other attributes, they lack in honor. They will try and kill any human that cross their path.'

'My team encountered them many times in battle, more so the Black Yautjas. We shot at each other; when we ran out of ammo or energy, we used our blades; when our blades dulled we used our hands. We fought hard, we fought well, we fought to a fucking stalemate. It was difficult fighting anything invisible, but we taught each other to watch for shimmers in the surroundings, it helped a lot especially when we were camped out one time and O'Neil was on watch and he shot one who was about to slice Fowlers throat out, thanks to the training we defeated the group of Black Yautjas on the planet Fevora, a few years of battles later brought in the Age of the UNSC, we became the fighting force for not only our nation, but our species, and with the UNSC came new special forces units, such as ODST and Spartans. To get a new feel for fighting, we took on the new training opportunities, we completed the ODST training and were close to finish Spartan training when the Covenant showed itself and attacked us, the elites, brutes, grunts, hunters, and the other species attacked our colonies and eventually glassing Reach, training grounds to Spartans. It shook Eagle Team up hard, we knew many good people on that planet, when we weren't mourning them, we were avenging them. Then when we got it out of our system we continued assignments on other worlds decimating covenant forces, until a pact between humans and Sangheili was formed and we teamed up on them making them disappear when they were losing. We still watched our buddies for any change of mood towards us. It was quiet until the Sangheili reported missing weapons, armor, equipment, and people after a few reports of distrust within their ranks. They were soon found through a transmission from an unknown elite who has loyalties to the Covenant religion talked of death for humanity, and that he and other like minded individuals formed the

Storm Covenant and will eradicate the human race in the name of the Reclaimers.'

'This caused distrust in the forces of Sangheili to humans for they could not know if the elite next to them was a spy or not, so they distanced themselves from them to where if they asked for assistance in a situation of great distress we would have asked for the year the pact was made, if they knew, they were either a clever spy or loyal to it. A few battles for colonies later and here we are, where we started our story, and where we ended it.'

'Except, I don't want it to end my friends; NO, my brothers counted on me, I may have failed them, but I won't let their death be in vain, Not here, NOT EVER.

"_LETS DO THIS, FUCKERS! IM NOT READY TO DIE NOT WHEN YOU BASTARDS MURDERED THE BEST FRIENDS I WILL EVER KNOW, YOU HAVE AWOKEN THE BEAST, YOUR END DRAWS NEAR, YOUR FLAME EXTINGUISHED, FOR I AM THE AVENGING HUNTER, I AM THE BANE OF THE COMING STORM, I. AM. WOLF."_

* * *

><p>Holy Shit, someone's gonna get fucked up, remember to leave a review on story or issues. Thank you, and have a nice day.

End
file.